DRIFTING
BY
T. BUCHANAN READ

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ILLUSTRATED

FROM DESIGNS BY MISS L. B. HUMPHREY.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

LONDON: 16 SOUTHAMPTON ST., STRAND.

1881.

PS2684
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LIPPINCOTT'S
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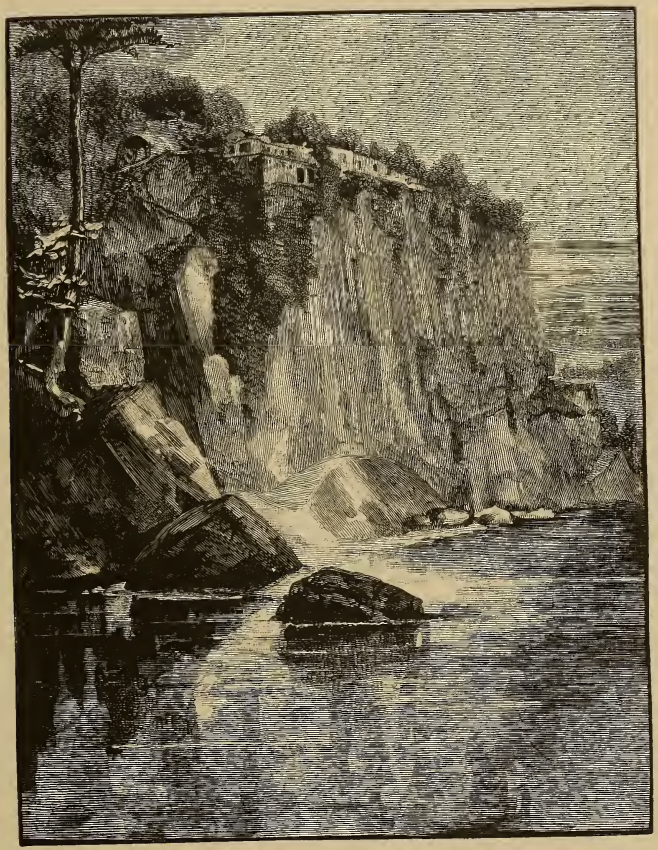
DRIFTING.

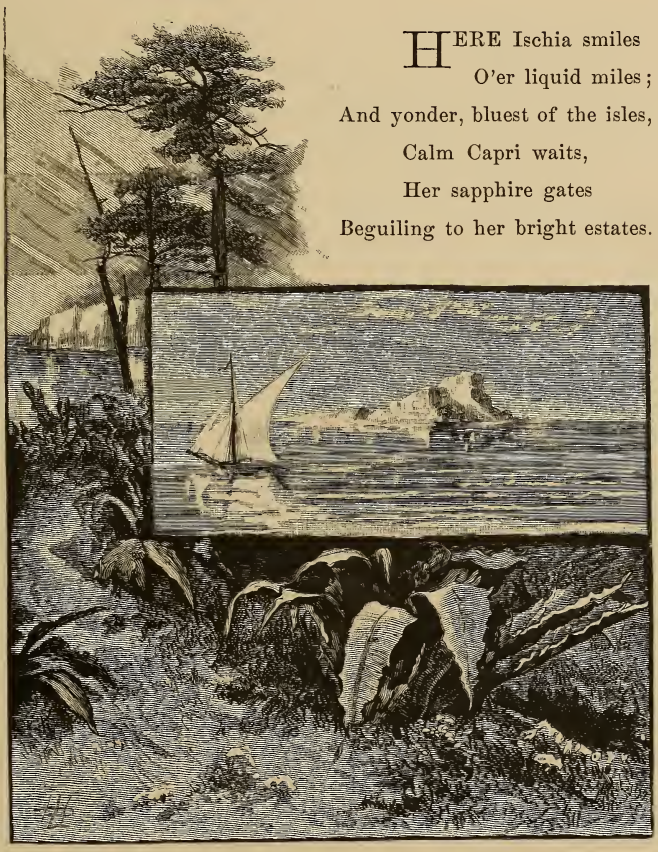
MY soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingéd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

ROUND purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

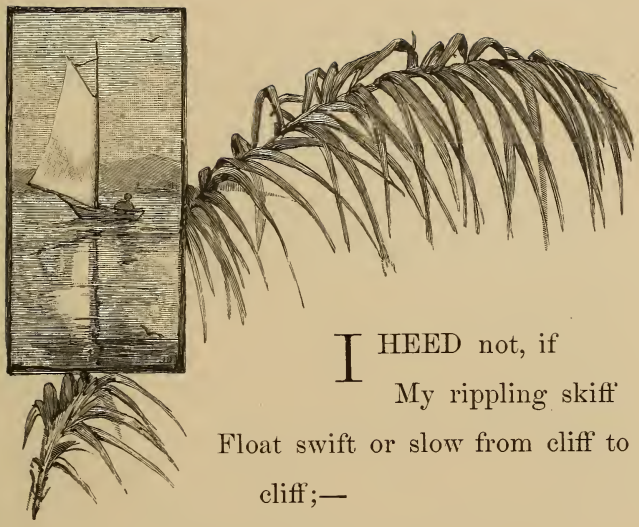


FAR, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

IN lofty lines,
'Mid palms and pines,
And olives, aloes, elms, and vines,
Sorrento swings
On sunset wings,
Where Tasso's spirit soars and sings.

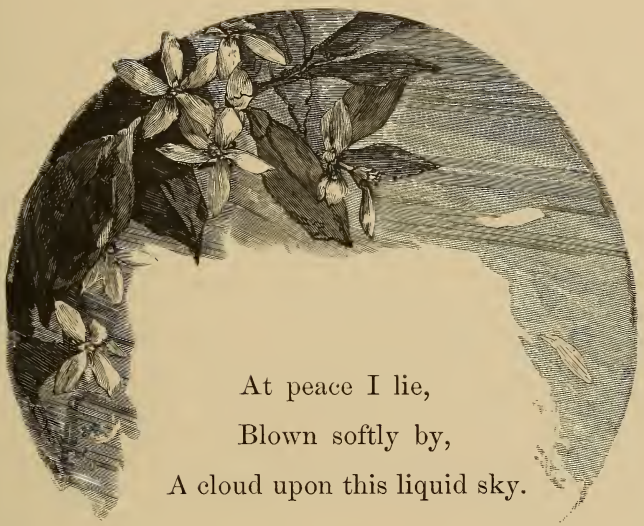


HERE Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.



I HEED not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to
cliff;—
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

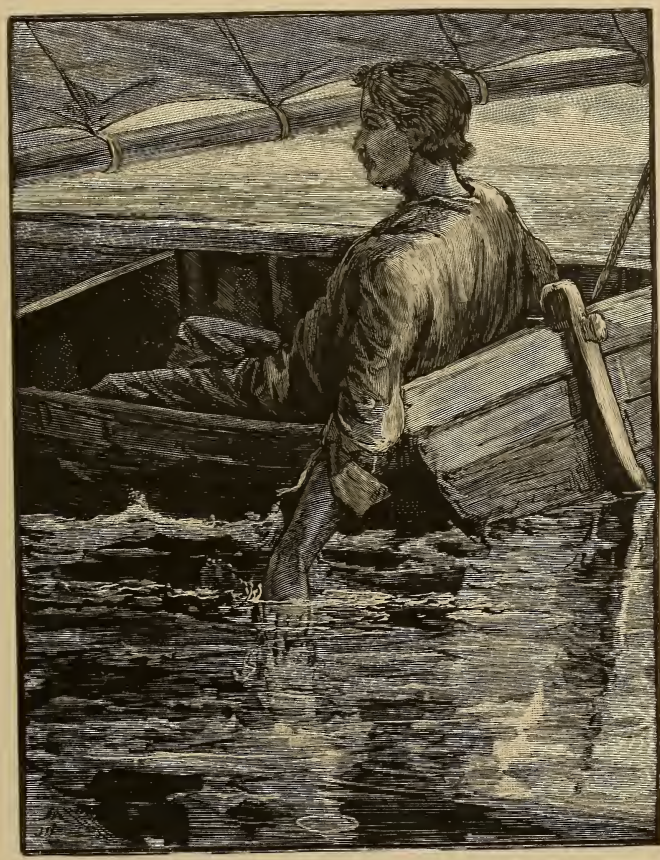
Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals



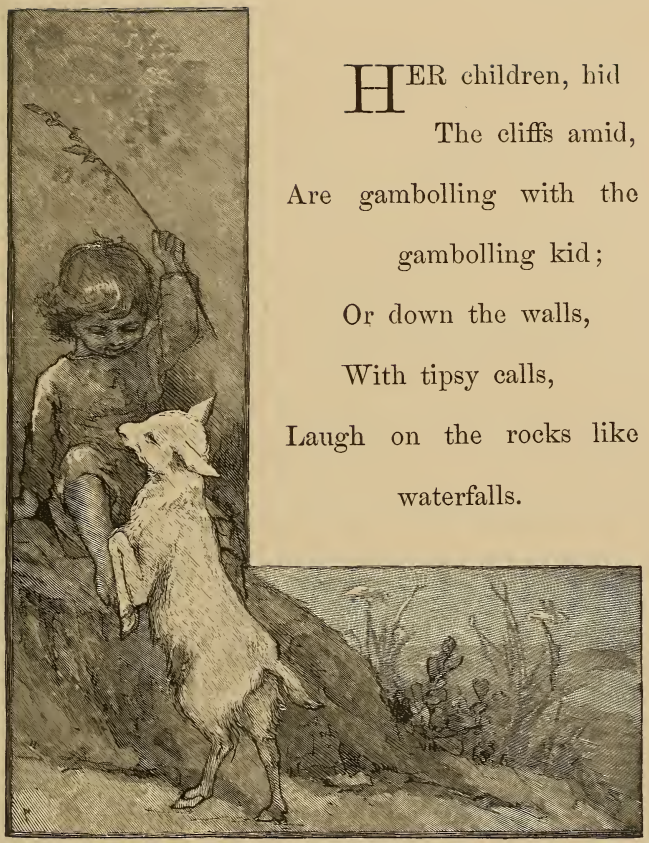
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

OVER the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.



WITH dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies,—
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.



HER children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the
gambolling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like
waterfalls.

THE fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

YON deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands
of snows:—

This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to
lands of sun.

O HAPPY ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

NO more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

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